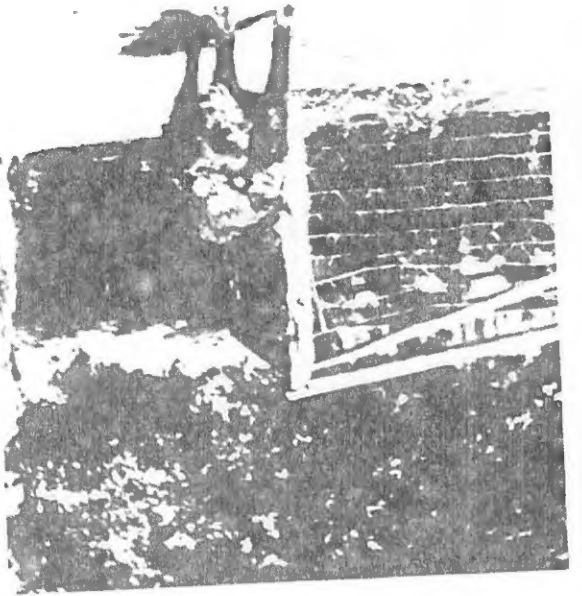
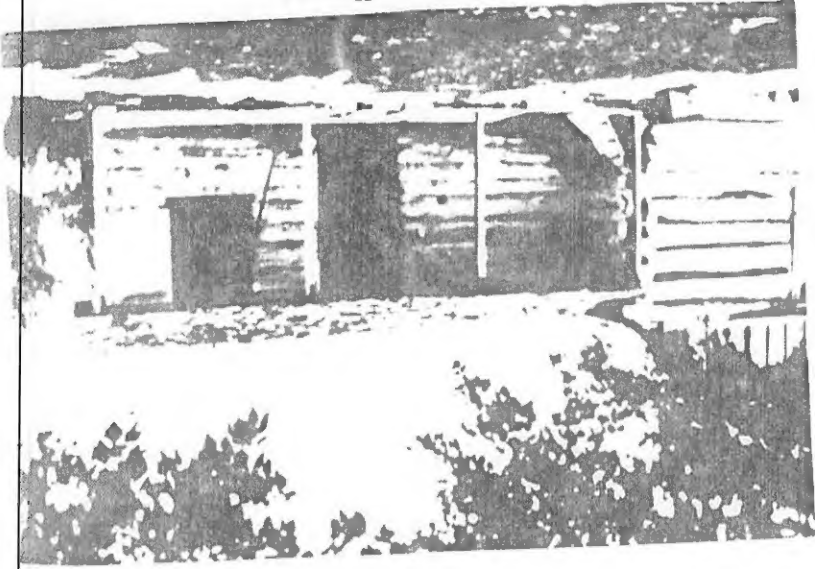


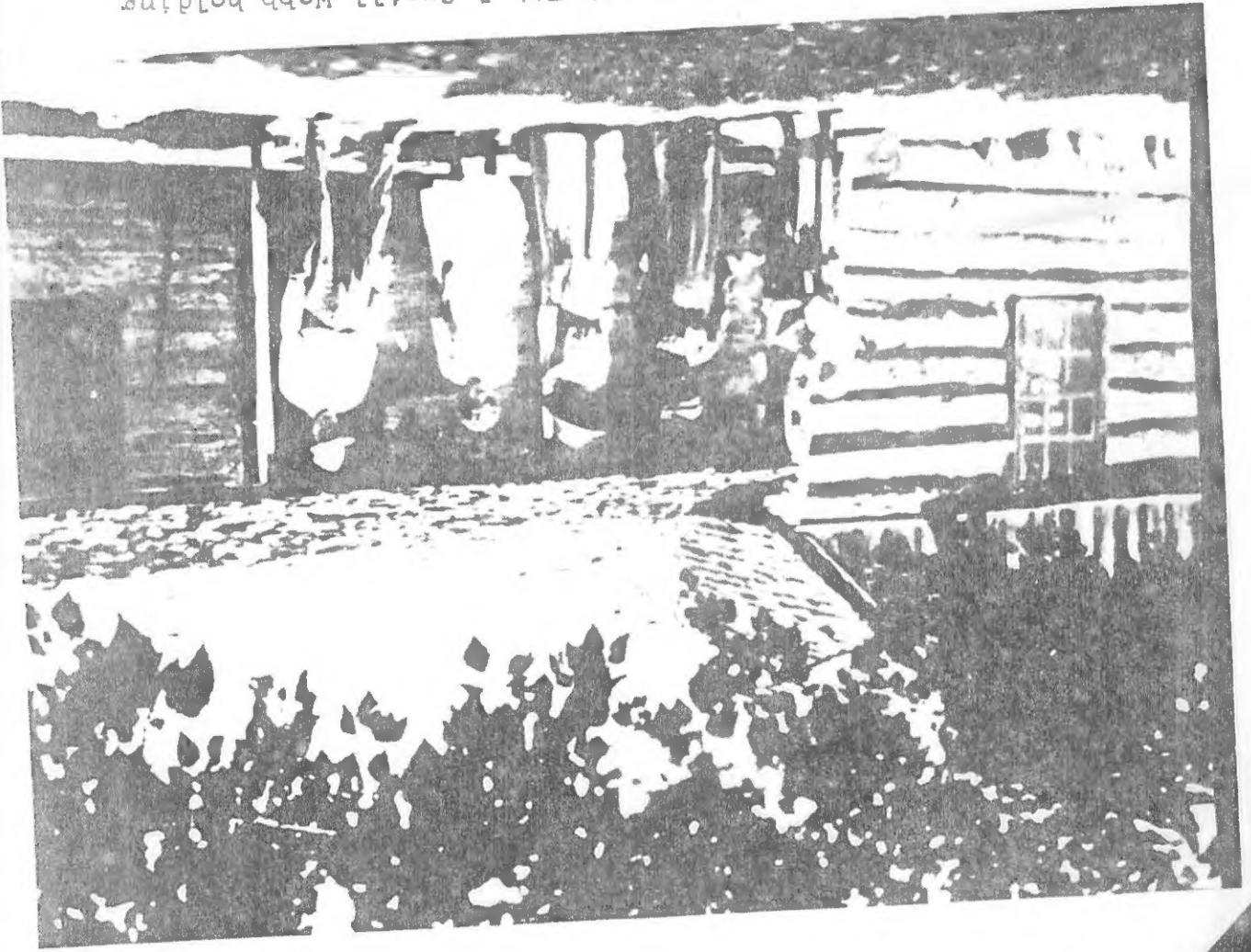
The old Log House
before fence was taken
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The old Log House
(note: cellar door
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The Old Log House with Ethel Orgill Webb holding
child, Rachel Isobelle Smith Orgill, Dora Orgill
Webb, and James William Orgill
many others Orgill with her



MARK ORGILL AND RACHEL ISABEL SMITH ORGILL



Mark Orgill was born in Burslem, Derbyshire, England, on May 27, 1851, son of Thomas and Ann Cartwright Orgill. He married Rachel Isabel Smith on June 20, 1875, at Mt. Pleasant. She was born on Provo Bench, October 8, 1859, daughter of Jackson Osbourne and Mary Marie Owens Smith. Mark died September 22, 1905, and Rachel died April 3, 1939, at Daniel.

When he was nine years old his mother died, so Mark, being the eldest boy, stopped his schooling to help his father in the adobe manufacturing business.

At the age of 17 he came to America with his father and five brothers and sisters as converts to the LDS Church. They sailed with the 148th company on the steamship "Colorado," on July 14, 1868, and arrived in Salt Lake City on September 2, 1868.

The family moved to Mt. Pleasant and went into the adobe manufacturing business. Later Mark moved to Wellington, Juab County, where he homesteaded 160 acres. He and Rachel were married by Edward Clift.

Rachel's parents moved from Provo to Center Creek, Wasatch County, to the Jeff Hundley place, from there to Jordanell, and finally they had to return to Iowa and Nebraska, where her father could find work to support his wife and 14 children.

They returned to Utah, settling in Midway, Wasatch County, where they lived in the fort, and she attended school in the schoolhouse inside the fort. From Midway they moved to Scipio and lived on a farm a few years, and from there down the Sevier River to Wellington, where she met her husband.

Their first home in Wellington was a dugout, with logs for a roof and a window in the gable for light. While living here their first six children were born.

Mark contracted rheumatism early in life and was unable to work for wages, so in the year 1886 they moved to Daniel, Wasatch County, where eight more children were born. Mark suffered with rheumatism for 30 years, but farmed on shares, with the help of his sons, until they were able to get their own land cleared to farm.

Mark was watermaster for the Strawberry and Willow Creek Canal Companies for about 16 years, giving splendid service. He always rode a buckskin mare, "Old Maude." He was clerk for Daniel Ward until it was joined with the Buysville Ward in 1903. He acted as trustee and clerk for Daniel precinct before consolidation and was justice of the peace.

Rachel did much Church work in the Primary and in the Relief Society, serving as president of the latter organization. She was a fine seamstress, and sewed temple clothes and wedding dresses. For many years she was on call at any time for nursing duty.

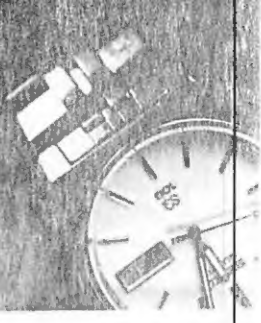
She and Mark were the parents of 14 children: Mary Ann, Thomas Jackson, Joseph Alvin, Emma Jane, Elizabeth Maude, Edith, James William, Bessie, Arabella, Minnie and Lillie (twins), Phoebe Hannah, Ethel and Dora Levette.

THE OLD LOG HOUSE

My grandparents, Rachel Isobelle Smith, born at Provo Bench October 8, 1859 and Mark Orgill, born May 27, 1851 at Bursham, Derbyshire, England were married in Mt. Pleasant, Utah June 20, 1875. Their first child, Mary Ann was born here June 9, 1877. They moved to Wellington, Utah when she was two months old.

Their first real home was a dugout. Mark dug it, then put three steps down to make it easier to get into.. Logs were placed over the top with a window in the gable end for light. It had a slant roof covered with split cedars. Bark was laid on top of this, then plastered with mud. It didn't leak and this made the room nice and warm. Their first son, Thomas Jackson, was born here August 22, 1878. The second son, Joseph Alvin was born March 19, 1880. Mark and Rachel moved into Grandma Orgill's parents home in Wellington after they passed away, where two more daughters were born; Emma Jane born April 13, 1882 and Maud born February 25, 1884.

At this time, the Panguitch Dam broke and this caused the Wellington Dam to break also. They feared for their lives and moved onto bench land. They had another daughter born here; Edith, September 12, 1885. The next July they went to Daniel, Wasatch County, Utah to visit until the dam was rebuilt. They decided to stay there and sold their homestead in Wellington to Mark's brother for \$300.00.



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They lived in the back room of John and Julie Jordan's (Grandma Orgill's sister) home with their six children. In February 1886, one of the Jordan children passed away and six weeks later the mother died leaving three small children for Grandma Orgill to raise, along with her six. Eight more children were born to this couple; namely:

James William	April 2, 1887
Bessie	May 29, 1889
Aurabelle	May 23, 1891
Minnie	February 19, 1893
Lilly (twin died at birth)	February 19, 1893
Phoebe Hannah	April 24, 1895
Ethel	June 16, 1897
Dora Lavette	June 17, 1899

Grandpa bought a piece of ground and plowed and started to work improving it in 1886. He bought a house from Joe Jacobs and moved it onto the ground. After the house was fixed up, they turned it into a school house. They moved back into a room at John Jordans.

My father, James William, was taught a lesson his first day of school in this school house. He was sitting by the window and saw his brother, Tom, pass by the school on his horse taking the cows up on the hill. He stuck his head out the window and yelled "Hi Tom". The teacher came over to him and he never pulled that trick again.


At that time in school there was one teacher for all grades and all were in one big room with a huge heater in the center for warmth. Each class in their turn would go up to the front and sit on a long bench. The teacher would call on each pupil to get up and read, recite or go to the

blackboard to work examples. If you couldn't write or figure, you could always draw a picture and get called down.

They didn't have note books or lead pencils. They used slates and slate pencils. There were different sizes of slates. There was a wooden frame around the small ones that cost 5¢. The next size was 10¢ and the double ones were 20¢. There were double slates with red trim around the edge. These cost 30¢ and the only kids who could afford them were the rich ones. My father's family each had their own slates and, of course, had the 5¢ size. When the slate pencils needed sharpened, they would get permission from the teacher to sharpen it. This was done by rubbing the pencil back and forth over the big stove in the center of the room until the pencil was sharp and hot. On the way back to their seat they would usually lay the hot end on someone's neck or hand, and cause a bit of excitement.

They didn't hold school like they do now. At first, they had one six weeks term a year. Later there were two terms-- six weeks term before Christmas and a six weeks term after the holidays.

They always held church in the school house. The Presiding Elder from Heber City told the people in Daniels if they could find a place big enough, he would come out and conduct meetings every Sunday. By this time Grandpa and Grandma had moved back into their home, which used to be the school house. Every Sunday morning Grandma would move her furniture



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out of the big back room where they would hold Sunday School. They would have about 40 children attend the meetings.

When Grandpa and some of the neighbors were shingling the roof of the log house in the year 1893, my father, James William, was asked by one of the men working to get him some chewing tobacco from Mrs. Smith, the next door neighbor. Dad got it and on the way home, he decided to indulge. When the worker noticed some was missing, he didn't say anything. Before long Grandma Orgill was outside yelling for Grandpa to come quick, "Jim Will is dying". The worker told Grandpa not to get down. He is too sick to die. He took some of my tobacco and then swallowed it. For proof, the worker threw the rest of the tobacco down to Grandma and you could see Dad's teeth marks on one corner.

My grandfather had rheumatism for forty years. Every winter but two he had it real bad, but he never gave up his work. He served for years as a ward clerk for the church from his bed.

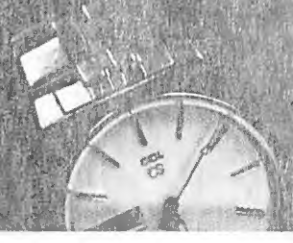
When he had to be in bed, he tended the smaller children, while Grandma and Uncle Tom hauled rocks until dinner time. Then she fixed dinner, so she could go back out and haul rocks until time for supper. Then she came in to fix another meal and do her house work in the evening. They farmed on shares until they could clear the rocks off the land to plow it. Sometimes the rocks were so big Uncle Tom and Grandma could not lift them. They would put a plank up to the wagon and roll the rocks up it into the wagon.

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My mother and father, James William Orgill and Ina McDonald Orgill, born December 5, 1894 in Buysville, Utah, were married in the Salt Lake Temple November 3, 1915. Upon returning from Salt Lake, they moved into the big back room of Grandma's log house where my father was born and what had previously been the school house. They lived with Grandma and her two single daughters Ethel 18 and Dora 16.

The log house consisted of one large back room where there were four double beds, one in each corner with a large pot bellied stove along the north wall. You stepped down one step to go into the kitchen which had a kitchen range, table and chairs, sewing machine and cupboard. On the east of the kitchen was Grandma Orgill's bedroom and on the east wall of her bedroom was a steep stairway to the loft where Ethel and Dora slept.

There was a big cellar under the back room that you entered off the porch. Grandma Orgill and son, Tom, hauled the rock to wall up the cellar. She white washed the rock walls with lime and rubbed her hands until they were eaten away. She would then let them heal and start over again. In the cellar big bins were in each corner filled with straw for apples, potatoes, carrots and onions. On three walls between the bins were shelves for the bottles fruits, jams, jellies, and vegetables canned during the harvest time. On the south wall of the cellar was a big milk safe. It had five shelves with screened doors on to keep it's contents cool and clean. Butter and other things which should be kept cool was found



there also. Dried apples could be found hanging on strings from nails on the rafters.

Every spring the cellar would be swept and scrubbed along with the milk safe. The last cleaning would be to wet down the dirt floor to make it as hard and smooth as cement is today.

In the spring of 1920, my father built his mother a new house down in the orchard. After Grandma, Aunt Ethel and Aunt Dora moved, Mom and Dad fixed the log house for their family.

Nine of the eleven children that blessed this marriage was born in the log house. Their names and birthdates are:

Ora Bernice	October 22, 1916
Bernell William	January 7, 1919
Fern	October 1, 1920
Curtis	August 27, 1922
James Boyd	December 2, 1924
Wanda Mae	May 1, 1927
Merrill	April 18, 1929
LaRay Mark	December 21, 1930
Betty Jean	November 21, 1932

After Bernell was born my oldest sister, Ora was privileged to have a bedroom to herself; until the four oldest boys needed a room, then they slept in the small bedroom. Mother would not let anyone use the loft because of safety reasons.

My brother, Curtis was 27½ months old when he passed away December 20, 1924 at 6:30 p.m. in the big back room. His funeral was held December 22nd at 10:30 a.m. in this same room. My mother couldn't leave the home because of her new baby boy, James Boyd (18 days old). Curtis's coffin was propped upon two pillows on the bed in the north east corner

for the viewing. Three or four men carried the organ from the church into the big room for his services. Belle McGuire sang "Our Sweet Little Rose Bud Has Left Us" and "Jesus Wants Me For A Sunbeam". George Johnson, a cousin, just returned from an L.D.S. mission gave his first funeral talk. Dad and Uncle Charles Remund took the body to the Heber City Cemetary for burial. My sister Ora remembers Mom standing with baby in her arms at the window as they drove off in the sleigh with bells ringing in the cool morning hour.

One experience my brother, Bernell, remembers is that Mom and Dad had invited Aunt Maud and Uncle Charles Shelton up to the house for dinner and to let the children play. Before the meal was over Boyd wanted to go to the back room and bring out a pie with whip cream on it. Mother said, "Okay, but be careful". On the way back Boyd forgot the step going down into the kitchen. Of course he fell down and his face went right into the pie. Everyone laughed -- even Boyd.

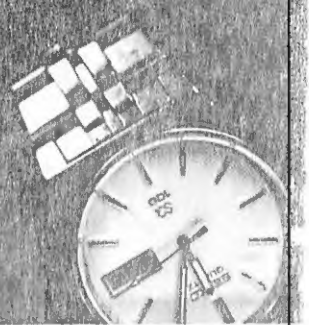
In the spring of 1935, they started to tear down the old log house. The front two rooms, the kitchen and small bedroom were torn down at this time. My father stated "each log we removed seemed to hold another memory for us, some good times and some bad." Bernell remembers looking at Grandma Orgill sitting in the kitchen window of her house with tears streaming down her face also, as the memories of her family drifted before her. The big room in the back of the house was left to live in while we built a new house. The new house was built directly in front of this room.

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My father, mother and myself, Betty Jean, slept in this big room which held a bed, kitchen stove, table and chairs, dressers and clothes. What a mess! The oldest six children slept in the garage, which had no door. This is the way we lived all summer and well into the winter. Of course it snowed early that year. All the kids would wade barefoot through the snow from the garage to the house to dress in the warm room. Mom would always say, "If we don't get that house finished the kids will all catch their death of pneumonia." A sniffle was never heard during this time.

Bernell remembers as they came home from a movie that year on Halloween night. They drove to the front of the garage and the light shined on something in the older boy's bed. He jumped out to see what it was and found the old bore pig had crawled down between the covers with his head on the pillow taking a nap. After the excitement, Dad said "Ina, What are we to do now?" Mom said, "I'll put clean sheets on the bed and that will be good enough, I guess."

We moved into our new home Christmas Eve Day 1935 and decorated our Christmas Tree. All we had finished was the kitchen and living room. The whole west of the house was one big unfinished bedroom, but it was new and warm and we had all helped to build it. It was such a happy Christmas for us, Mom and the older girls prepared for a nice big dinner for Christmas. A lot of friends and relatives stopped by to wish us well. And guess what happened? All the children who had slept in the garage wading barefoot through the snow up to



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their knees each morning and night for six weeks caught cold. The Christmas holidays were spent getting them better so they could return to school when it started.

The front bedroom in the new house was finished in the fall of 1936 and my sister Maurine was born in that room on January 8, 1937 and a brother Clive J was born at home September 27, 1939. He was number eleven and the last child born to this union.

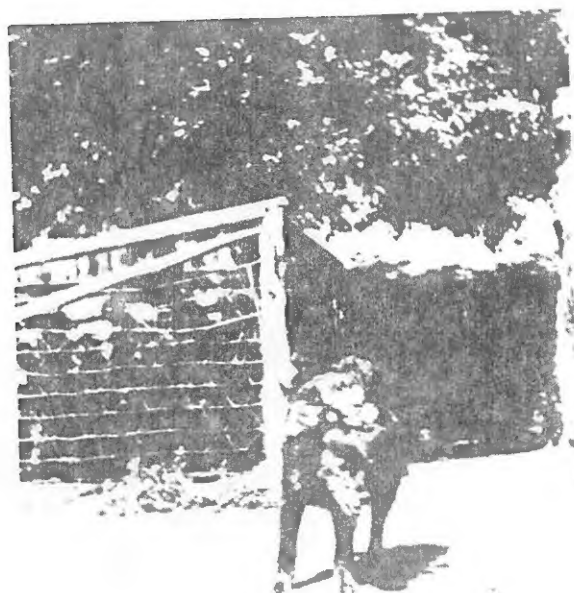
My father and mother had some mighty rough years when the children were growing up, expecially during the depression. Our family was large and we all had to work hard for our scanty fare. A lot of times we didn't have much to eat, except bread and milk and fruit. Our clothes were of the plainest kind and not too many at that, but we had much love for each other and a lot of happiness. Sometimes at night my father would take out his fiddle or mouth organ and play for us; we'd have a good time.

Written April 21, 1987
Betty Jean Orgill Woodall

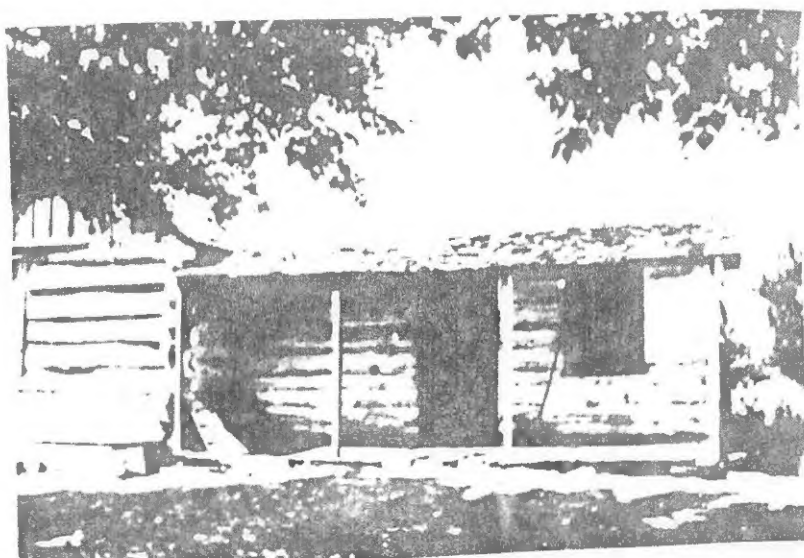


The Old Log House with Ethel Orgill Webb holding child, Rachel Isobelle Smith Orgill, Dora Orgill Webb, and James William Orgill

Mary Nelson Orgill with Lil on

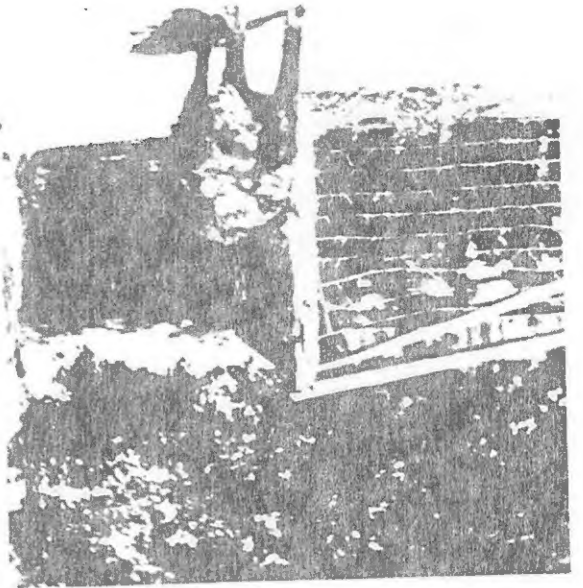


The old Log House
before fence was taken
down.

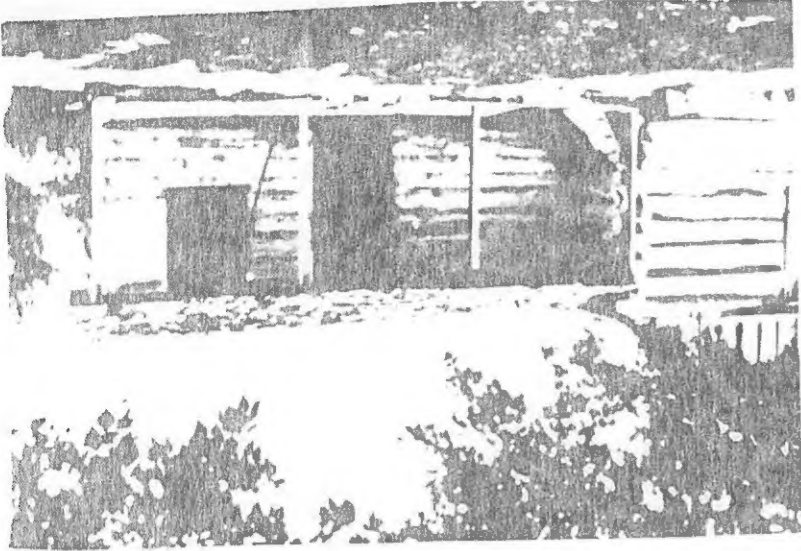


The old Log House
(note: cellar door
is up)

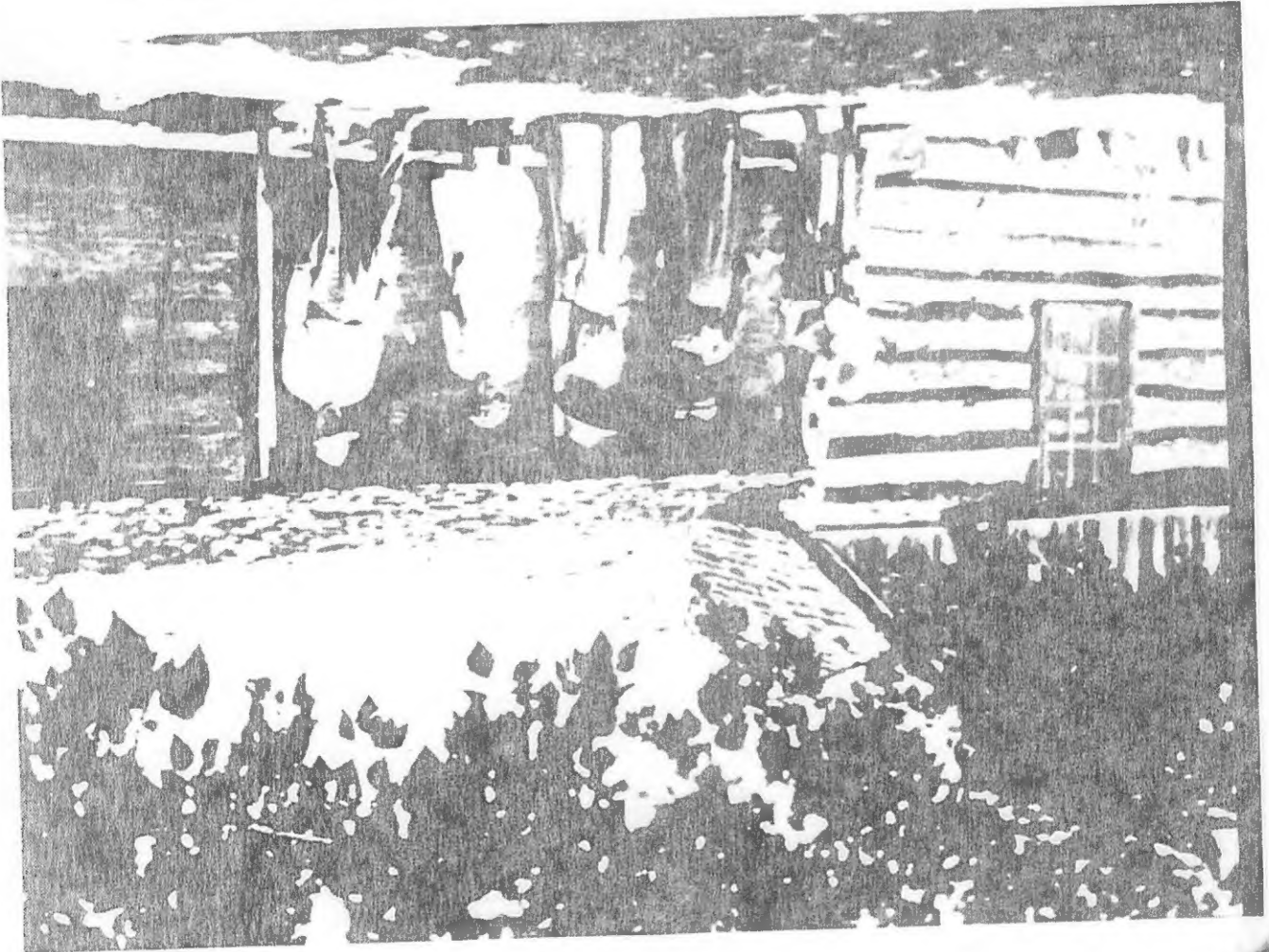
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The Old Log House with Ethel Orgill Webb holding
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Webb, and James William Orgill
many others were with her



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A few notes of interest to my brothers and sister that Bernell remembers when the new house was built.

The cement cost \$9.50 from Chatwin's in Heber. The wood for the house was purchased from Johnny Thacker's saw mill up on the West Fork of the Duchesne when he (Bernell) worked for one week sawing the lumber. It cost \$60.00. The permit to build the house cost \$10.00.

Everyone left Johnny Thacker's Saw Mill that year Sept. 6, 1935 with 18 inches of snow on the ground.